

Our senses are popularly numbered as five: but the appreciation of temperature which the skin possesses should probably be reckoned separately from the sense of touch. In some of the lower animals certain senses are demonstrably stronger than our own : we have no reason to infer that our senses are the only ones that might exist, and it seems likely that insects are endowed with some peculiar detective powers. The males of certain moths (*Bombyses*) will become aware of a virgin female when at least a mile away, and probably at a much greater distance : insects whose larvae feed upon truffles will detect the presence of these fungi when two feet below the surface. Amongst mankind, individuals probably differ very considerably in the delicacy of their senses. Some are colour-blind, others deaf to the charms of music : and it may be that the "joy" of life which seems specially to exhilarate some individuals and races, proceeds from a keener sensibility than is enjoyed by those who take a sober view of life's vicissitudes, or can discover in a fine morning only an opportunity of going out to kill something. But sense organs, however acute and however varied, are, it must be remembered, only *receivers* : they collect messages from outside : but it is in the principal nerve centre—the brain—that these messages are translated into sensations. We are popularly supposed to hear with our ears, but the ears receive only

rhythmical
pulsations of air. The brain converts
these ^{move-}
ments into the sensations which we
appreciate ^{as}
sounds. Just as the needle and drum of
a ^{gramo-}
phone convert the surface
irregularities of the e
record into a strain of music. It is
difficult to realise that when we touch an object with
the foot the
feeling of touch arises not in the foot.
but in the
brain. But so it is. A man who has
lost a leg